I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

*Ford.* And ſped you Sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

*Ford.* How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

*Fal.* No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curriuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after wee had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

*Ford.* What? While you were there?

*Fal.* While *I* was there.

*Ford.* And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

*Ford.* A Buck-basket?

*Fal.* Yes, a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what *I* haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their ſhoulders met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee ſhould bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for





a ſearch and away went
marke the ſequell (Maſter
of three ſeuerall deaths:
to bee detected with a ie
Next to bee compaſs'd like
ference of a Pecke, hilt
then to bee ſtopt in like a
ing Cloathes, that fret
thinke of that, a man of
that am as ſubiect to hea
nuall diſſolution, and thaw
ſuffocation. And in the
was more then halfe ſtew'
diſh) to bee throwne
coold, glowing-hot, in
ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſi
*Broome.*)

*Ford.* In good ſadneſſe Si
you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperat
more?

*Fal.* Maſter *Broome*: I
as I haue beene into Than
her Husband is this m
haue receiued from her
ting; 'twixt eight and
*Broome.*)

*Ford.* 'Tis paſt eight alree

*Fal.* Is it? I will then
ment; Come to mee at y
you ſhall know how *I*
ſhall bee crowned with yo
ſhall haue her (Maſter *Bro*
cuckold *Ford.*

*Ford.* Hum: ha? Is this
doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG